

*The Historie of*

*Fal.* You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there liues not 3. good men vnhanged in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I say: I would I were a weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prin.* How now *Wollacke*, what mutter you?

*Fal.* A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*.

*Prin.* Why you horsen round man, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answere me to that, and poines there.

*Prin.* Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward? Ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I cold run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me, giue me a cup of sack, I am a rogue, if I drunk to day.

*Prin.* O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunkst last. *Fal.* All's one for that. *He drinks.*

A plague of all cowards still say I.

*Prin.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter? heere bee foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

*Prin.* Where is it *Iacke*, where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prin.* What, a hundred man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I weare not a halfe sword, with a dozē of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the

Hose,

*Henry the Fourth.*

Hose, my buckler cut through & through, my Sword hack't like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better since I was a man, all would not do. A plague of al cowards, let them speak if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

*Gad.* Speake sirs, how was it;

*Rofs.* Wee foure set vpon some dozen.

*Falst.* Sixteene at least, my Lord.

*Rofs.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a lew else, an Ebrew Iew.

*Rofs.* As we were sharing, some 6. or 7. fresh men set v p o vs.

*Fal.* And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prin.* What fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Iack*, then am I no two leg'd creature.

*Poin.* Pray God you haue not murthered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them, Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in Buckrom suites: I tell thee what *Hal*, if I tel thee a lie, spit in my face; cal me Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: foure rogues in buccorom let driue at me.

*Prin.* What, foure? thou saidst but two, euen now.

*Fal.* Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

*Poin.* I, I; he said foure.

*Fal.* These foure came all a front, & mainly thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Target, thus.

*Prin.* Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

*Fal.* In Buccorom.

*Poin.* I, foure, in Buccorum suites.

*Fal.* Seuen, by these Hiltis, or I am a villaine else.

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

*Fal.* Doeest thou heare me *Hal*.

*Prin.* I and marke thee too, *Iacke*,

*Fal.*